The Wandering JEW:

OR,

The Shoomaker of Jerusalem,

Who lived when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was Crucified, and appointed by Him to live until his Coming again. Tune, *The Lady's Fall*, &c. *Licens'd and Enter'd.*



When as in fair Jerusalem
our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the Sins of all the World
his own dear Life did give;
The wicked Jews, with Scoffs and Scorns,
did daily him molest,
That never till he left his Life,
our Saviour could not rest.
Repent therefore, O England!
Repent, whilst you have space;
And do not (like this wicked Jew)
despise God's proffered Grace.

When they had crown'd his head with Thorns,
and scourg'd him to Disgrace,
In scornful sort they led him forth
unto his Dying-place;
Where thousand thousands in the Street,
beheld him pass along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
that pitty'd this his Wrong.
Repent therefore, O England!
Repent, whilst you have space;
And do not (like this wicked Jew)
despise God's proffered Grace.

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Both Old and Young reviled him,
as in the Street he went;
And nothing found but churlish Taunts,
by every One's consent:
His own dear Cross he bore himself,
(a Burthen far too Great!)
Which made him, in the Street, to faint
with Blood and Water-sweat.
Being weary, thus he sought for Rest,
to ease his burthened Soul,
Upon a Stone; the which, a Wretch
did churlishly controul,
And said, Away, thou King of Jews,
thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on, thy Execution-place,
thou seest, now draweth near.
And thereupon he thrust him thence;
at which our Saviour said,
I sure will Rest; but thou shalt Walk,
and have no Journy stay'd.
With that, this cursed Shoemaker,
for offering Christ this Wrong,
Left Wife and Children, House and all,
and went from thence along:
Where after he had seen the Blood
of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the Cross his Body nail'd,
away with speed he fled,
Without returning back again
unto his Dwelling-place;
And wandreth up and down the World,
a Runagate most base.
No Resting could he find at all,
no Ease or Heart's Content,
No House, no Home, no Dwelling-place;
but wandring forth he went,
From Town to Town, in Foreign Lands,
with grieved Conscience still,
Repenting for the hainous Guilt
of his fore-passed Ill.
Thus, after some few Ages past,
in wandring up and down,
He much again desired to see
Jerusalem's Renown:
But finding it all quite destroy'd,
he wandred thence with Woe,
Our Saviour's Words, which he had spoke,
to verifie and show:
[I'll Rest, said he, but thou shalt Walk;]
so doth this wandring Jew,
From place to place, but cannot stay,
for seeing Countries new:
Declaring still the Power of Him,
whereas he comes or goes;
And of all things done in the East,
since Christ his Death, he shows.

The World he hath still compass'd round,
and seen their Nations strange,
That hearing of the Name of Christ,
their Idol Gods do change;
To whom he hath told wondrous things,
of Times fore-past and gone;
And to the Princes of the World
declares his Cause of Moan:
Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
and yield his mortal Breath;
But if the Lord hath thus decreed,
he shall not yet see Death,
For neither looks he Old nor Young,
but as he did those Times,
When Christ did suffer on the Cross,
for mortal Sinners Crimes.
He passed many a Foreign Land,
Arabia, Ægypt, Affrica,
Grecia, Syria, and Great Tharce,
and through all Hungaria,
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
those blest Apostles dear,
Where he had told our Saviour's Word
in Countries far and near.
And lately in Bohemia,
with many a German Town;
And now in Flanders (as 'tis thought)
he wandreth up and down:
Where learned Men with him confer
of those his lingering Days,
And wondring much to hear him tell
his Journies and his Ways.
If People give this Jew an Alms,
the most that he will take,
Is not above a Groat a time,
which he for Jesus sake
Will kindly give unto the Poor,
and thereof make no spare;
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
of him had daily Care.
He was not seen to laugh or smile,
but weep and make great moan,
Lamenting still his Miseries,
and Days fore-past and gone.
If he hear any one Blaspheme,
or take God's Name in vain;
He tells them that they Crucifie
our Saviour Christ again.
If thou hadst seen grim Death, says he,
as these mine Eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would ye
his Torment think upon;
And suffer for his sake all pain,
all Torments, and all Woes.
These are his Words, and this his Life
whereas he comes or goes.

London: Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

(80)